

Dear Jim,

"My Day"

3/30/78

Does the historian recognize the caption?

While today was not a typical one I give you an account of it because the time may come when DJ tries to make something of the seeming delay in my completing the memo. (I have 8 or 9 hours dictated.)

Where the day was unusual was chiefly in the amount of time I spent outside. Save for the constant effort to clear the lane, from November to this month on days it did not snow, I have not been spending that much time outside. But I should.

I worked until 11 last night so I slept until about 5:45. Once I had my support chores done and they were hanging to dry I started work on the draft of a 1996 affidavit, as we had discussed the night before. Except for exercycling for the equivalent of 6 miles I kept at this until mail time.

The mail was much lighter than usual, so I immediately wrote the enclosed response to Shea's letter that you had told me about by phone the day before yesterday. This was because I believe the information provided him is not otherwise available to him.

Except for the brief spells of getting up and walking around a bit I kept at that until I finished it. I was interrupted by phone calls several times.

Because I need the exercise and the fine day permitted it, I delayed a late lunch to take the large cart over to the woods and bring back and spread (where there has been erosion) most of that cart of topsoil. I dug it up, of course.

Instead of taking a rest break afterward I had a small salad and the small lunch was my rest. I had fetched and was spreading a second load when Les Whitten called. (He interrupted his sabbatical to give Jack a hand on a difficult story and he asked for help that to a degree I was able to provide.) His call was prompted by my expertise and subject-matter knowledge and by a MURKIN record I gave him last year. I used the time of the call as a rest period, finished spreading that load and got another.

After that there was a long conversation with George Lardner. I have been helping him with the Epstein book and with records, mine, those of Paul and Howard and by directing him to those I identified for him at the Archives. Aside from his specific questions that in themselves required subject expertise he needed help with the records from the Archives. Meaning what they said and meant, not getting them. He had by then obtained them.

I had not yet gone back outside when you phoned. After our conversation I went for and spread another load.

By then it was dinner time. We had left the house and were in the car when the phone rang. It was Murray Waas. He wanted to check one of the stories based on the MURKIN files that result from the day he spent here, last Saturday. He read it to me to be sure it was accurate.

It was going on 9 when we got back from supper at the China Pearl.

Oh yes, I skimmed the paper when resting from the exercycling. And that is all of it. Except for a little time with Murray on another story not yet written, from my records. No wasted time, no personal diversions. Except that I really did enjoy doing some outside work and being able to do it. (I'm a little tired now and will be going to bed a little earlier than usual - but I'll probably get up earlier because of it.)

Best,